



SOUNDVIEW

OF THE EVERGREENS
PUBLISHED BY THE OWNERS OF "THOUGHT AND LIFE"
Philosophy of Transcendence

¶ But people must talk bad about someone, or how can they be "good"? Doesn't goodness consist mainly in recognizing the badness of others? Well, I guess! Anyway, aren't we giving unmistakable evidence of our own purity when we "talk bad" about others? Let us talk!

Published Monthly by *The Evergreens* at Ten Cents a Month, Twelve Months for One Dollar, at Olalla, on *Puget Sound*, in the State of Washington, U. S. A.

—GIVEN GRIFF '06

SOUNDVIEW

EXPONENT OF THE SOCIETY OF EVERGREENS

SOUNDVIEW COMPANY, OLALLA, WASHINGTON, U. S. A.

Subscription and membership in the society, \$1.00 per year.

Advertising rates on application.

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Owing to our rapidly increasing correspondence "The Boss" would suggest that you accompany your letter with as many stamps as you think you ought, to insure a reply. We don't want you to cease writing, for we love your letters, but don't expect a reply always. "Vibrations" are sometimes sent, instead.

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"SOUNDVIEW" FOR 1907

We can safely promise Evergreens that the coming year will show SOUNDVIEW at its best. Our little publication is now being recognized as the really soundest, BROADEST, SANEST Magazine publisht.

"A Sex Symposium"

will continue to be a feature of the new year. One contribution by Hon. Theodore Schroeder, a distinguished lawyer of New York City, will run thru several issues. It is "A Study of Sex Overvaluation" and is a phase of the subject never before put before the public. All lines of thought and all phases of life and human aspiration will be treated by a corps of writers second to none.

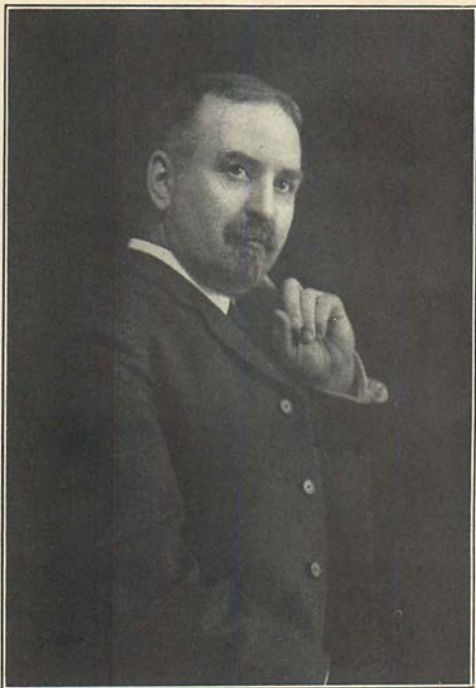
Here is a partial list of our contributors, most of whom are authors of note: Edward Earle Purinton, Mary Eupha Crawford, Dr. Alice B. Stockham, Dr. Leroy Berrier, Dr. J. E. Rullison, Dr. J. H. Greer, Napoleon S. Hoagland, Edward H. Cowles, Ps. D., Mae Lawson Herself, "Capt. Jack" Crawford (the Poet-Scout), Mabel Gifford, Nancy McKay Gordon, Frank T. Reid, Harry Gaze, Dora Forster, James F. Morton, Jr., Edwin C. Walker, J. William Lloyd, William L. Garver, O. Byron Copper, LaVerne Francois Wheeler, O. Leonard, G. Dietrich, and numerous others equally as powerful with the pen.

All THINKERS are invited to our 1907 feast. Are you one of them?

This is in addition to the regular "Heavy" editorials by the Boss and the Em-Bossed Evergreen!

Please tell your friends who sometimes indulge in a "think" on their own account, and ABOVE ALL urge your newsdealer to carry SOUNDVIEW, and DISPLAY IT CONSPICUOUSLY on his stand. Help us to increase the influence of

"SOUNDVIEW" FOR 1907



THEODORE SCHROEDER

SOUNDVIEW

Vol. VII

APRIL, 1907

No. 4

"People Talkt Bad about Her"



PEOPLE talked bad about her! Yes, no doubt; its a kind of a habit people have! She was only a widow with two small children to feed, clothe and educate. Seems like that ought to have been enuf, doesn't it? But it wasn't — she was young, her blood was warm and men *were* more or less attractive to her! Wouldn't have thot it, would you? She wasn't very pretty, but she had senses, dimensions, passions and "people talked about her"! Her husband had died of consumption, and she had nursed him with all the tenderness and loyalty of her nature, but to no avail — he passed from her life before her full love nature had been satisfied. She loved her children; and reared them with great care — but there was a void.

Nature called for something more — men came, perhaps, maybe the right one, who knows? I don't, do you? But "people talked" — she ought to sit still and dry up, like some of those who "talked". Did they try to make life easier for her — not on your ten commandments! They "talked" — wasn't that enuf? What else could they do? They tried to keep her straight — wasn't that their religious duty? Of course, they "jewed her down" on that dress she was making for them — often they made her do the job over in their efforts to get the garment strikingly "suggestive" to the sterner sex — but they "talked!"

¶ Had she been a man she might have gone over the line in a wild debauch, or being a woman she might have joined the great throng for hire, but she preferred to live and — love, and people "talked about her"! Maybe they talk about you and me — who knows? And, what's more, who cares? It is up to you to live your life. You are seeking experience and if you get it in wholesale quantities, while I take it only in small doses, whose business is it? We are not all alike — God forbid! and what satisfies one may be most objectionable to another, but why should we "talk"? I certainly could not do the things my neighbor does,

but they may be very essential for his development. My heart goes out to the man or woman who is making mistakes, but how can I help them by "talking bad about them".

¶ After all their "badness" may simply differ a little from my "badness." If I have unmistakable evidence of the guilt of any one am I not a "cur" to publish it if it concerns only the individuals concerned, and if my proof is not absolute am I not treading on dangerous ground to "talk bad"?

¶ Now as to that widow. There is much maudlin misunderstanding and misrepresentation of the sex functions. There is an over-estimation of its importance in the economy of the physical organism by some and a decidedly under-estimation on the part of others. It is more than physical, yet its physical manifestations are not to be ignored if we would build up a complete, well balanced man or woman. The stomach is a very essential part of the human economy yet we do not believe it is best to gorge it even with plain and nutritive foods. Neither do we believe we would have been supplied with such an organ unless it was given us to be used. Dare we assert that the sex organs are less important, or insist

that they should not be used in a temperate way? The sex nature is the strongest factor in our physical and mental make-up, and the one who never satisfies the sex craving is just as intemperate and is inviting just as destructive elements as he or she who surrenders himself or herself to all sorts of excess of a sexual nature. Both are traveling the royal road to ruin and both are hailing a hell of their own making. But people must talk bad about someone, or how can they be "good"! Doesn't goodness consist mainly in recognizing the badness in others? Well, I guess! Any way aren't we giving unmistakable evidence of our own purity when we "talk bad" about others? Let us talk!

BOSS EVERGREEN



The Price

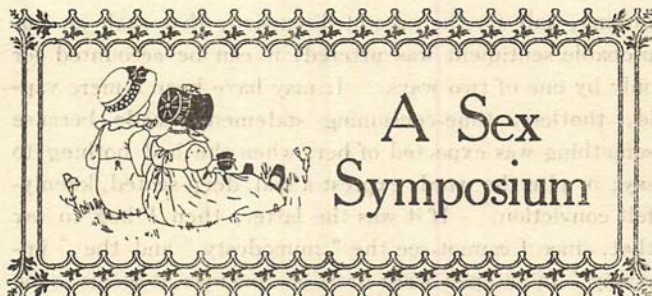
"I have learned the value of Solitude. But oh must I always live it?

I and the Infinite alone, with naught that the world holds dear?"

Said the Spirit of Truth: "The soul must pay for every boon I give it.

The price of growth is loneliness; with death the cost of a tear!"

EDWARD EARLE PURINTON



XX

What Is Purity? — A Study of Sex Over-Valuation

By THEO. SCHROEDER

Member of the New York Bar, Author and Lecturer

"Modesty is only the invention of refined voluptuousness"

— Helvetius (about A. D. 1751)

[Continued from last number]

I suspect a recent news item misquoted the public speech of a woman of national prominence when it reported her as having said: "Our purity crusade will be directed against the perils of immodest dressing. Open-work has its place, but the place is not in public, and it is seen altogether out of place. The open-work stocking is full of danger to the purity of the youth of our land." As-

suming, only for the sake of discussion, that such an improbable sentiment was uttered, it can be accounted for only by one of two ways. It may have been a mere vapid, thotless, time-consuming statement, made because something was expected of her, when she had nothing to say; or else the words exprest a real, deep-seated, keenly-felt conviction. If it was the latter, then I beg to say that, since I cannot see the "immodesty" and the "impurity" in an open-work dress or stockings, it seems to me that those who can see these qualities in them must themselves supply the indecency from their own minds, which are capable of furnishing it only because already saturated with a putrid "morality" which such minds necessarily read into everything. If the morality of any youth is endangered by open-work stockings, it must be because mothered by such a deranged woman, who destroyed in her son the natural purity of healthy-mindedness by substituting the pruriency of ignorance and mystery. Let us hope that the time may come when such diseased persons, instead of leading "purity crusades," will be gently treated in sanitariums making a specialty of sexual psychopathy.

The most to be pitied are "linguistic purists." With them, verbal sex-delicacy is most fantastically developept. Not only is the word "sex" excluded from their vocabu-

lary, but also the names of all things occupying space proximate to the sexual. These organize societies to promote the social ostracism of divorcees and women wearing décollete gowns. They prefer not to speak of clothing worn nearer the body than an overcoat, and such articles as underwear become "unmentionables," "indescribable" or "femoral habiliments." They cannot speak of legs but must use the more general term, limbs, even the limbs of a piano. They teach their children not to speak of a girl-child's knees, since human females have no knees.

They are also pathetically sensitiv to visual sex-suggestion. A dummy displaying a corset in a shop window shocks their modesty, and by law they prohibit statuary enclosed in a union-suit of underwear from being exposed to their own morbid gaze. Not knowing their own disease, they erroneously conceive all persons to be just as hyperesthetic as themselves, and those who are not so afflicted as they are charged with being impure.

"Exaggerated delicacy must always be regarded as suspicious, it being found that the possession of a virtue is in inverse ratio to the boast of having it. Dean Swift remarkt that the greater the squeamishness of man's ears, the nastier were his ideas and thots." To which Voltaire adds that, with such, "Modesty has fled from the heart,

to take refuge on the lips."

The sex impulse, now as ever, is *one* of the masterful, universal, motive powers inducing human action. In its normal indulgence it is healthful and exalting. Thru suppression, it too often leads to disease; by consequent perversion, it induces conduct most revolting and damaging. Those who have lost their perspective as to sex matters unduly emphasize its importance in healthy relations. On the one hand, it is condemned as being *per se* immoral, or always but a tolerated and unavoidable indecency. These accordingly greatly overestimate the sex evil until frequently acute erotophobia is developed. On the other hand, the loss of perspective leads to an illogical appreciation of things sexual. Sex-love becomes a "divine passion," a sublime, heavenly, *per se* beautiful and holy thing, whenever the proper "spiritual" conditions obtain. Both conceptions are but different developments of the same hyperestheticism, and both express an unhealth — that is, an impure state of mind.

The saner man rejects alike the diseased sex-sensitiveness of prurient prudes and salacious ascetics and the apotheosized sensuality of "spiritual affinities." Sex-intercourse is neither *per se* good nor bad, but like everything else is to be judged by its social utility and the con-

ditions of each indulgence, and not necessarily by its conformity to any particular set of regulations. Marriage laws and social sex-customs have no warrant except as they are the expressions of what is a healthy naturalness and temporally the most useful to society; and legislative judgment, like that of any particular clique of reformers, is fallible, whether they be purists or polygamists, and is erroneous when it does not conform to the foregoing standard.

In the scientific aspect, sex-organs are but one of several interdependent and co-ordinate bodily functions. If sex-organs initiate life, they are not therefore to be given higher rank than other bodily organs, because nutritive and scavenger functions are a prerequisite to parental sex-functioning, and to the continuance of life in the newly-begotten being. Neither are we justified in assigning the highest importance to sex-organs because of their more intense emotional connections. A quantitative and intensive emotional test for the measuring of the social value of the source of these emotions might compel us to rank a wasp higher than a horse. Supernormal intensity of emotion is the evidence of nervous disease. If then the intensity of sex and its associated emotions are to be a measure of importance, sex would acquire an increasing social value with its pathological development.

If our other bodily organs were as much abused in their functioning, by starvation, by excess, by irregular or perverted functioning and by artificial stimuli, it is certain that equally intense, tho probably less pleasant, emotion would soon be evolved, as an associate of such other bodily functioning.

All the various abnormalities of unhealthy sensualists, whether exprest in asceticism or other excess or perversion, when not due to congenital (organic) defects, could be avoided if it were possible for all to retain an aspect of sex matters consonant with logic, and avoid associating things sexual with emotions and ideas not naturally belonging with, nor necessarily aroused by, the usual healthy sex-stimulus.

It may be safely asserted that no unquestionably sane man ever becomes ecstacized over either the beauty, the sacredness, the divinity, or the majesty of any bodily organ other than sex. Yet our bodily organs are all equally beautiful in the relative degree of perfection in which they perform their several functions, and sacred only to their right, that is, their natural, use in healthy conditions.

Let us then refrain from the discussion of sex by innu-

endo, in whispered gasps, and with hyperbole. Stop talking about the beauty, the sacredness, the majesty or divinity of sex; because sex is no more beautiful than lungs, no more sacred than liver, no more majestic than kidneys, and no more divine than stomach. The awed hush, the extravagant exaggerations, the laudation of sex ignorance as virtue, the arrant hypocrisy and patent falsehoods with which conventional prudes and moral bigots surround the whole subject of sex, necessarily stimulate a morbid imagination in the feverish brains of our numerous young celibates by compulsion. Let us all, rather, retain the healthy-minded, unblushing and non-conscious, relative indifference to sex manifested by healthy children, and then we will certainly be more genuinely pure than any prurient prude or moral snob.

Then, too, we will have rescued from the contemptuous "Christian" repudiation those many bible texts, two of which read as follows:

"I know and am persuaded by the Lord Jesus, that there is nothing unclean of itself, but to him that esteemeth anything to be unclean, to him it is unclean."

"Unto the pure all things are pure, but unto them [our modern purists] that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure."

Vegetarian Foot-Wear



OME time ago a letter appeared in Soundview from one of our Royal Evergreens in China, Mr. Clarence Clowe, regarding a shoe that would render unnecessary the wearing of a cover for the feet made from the skins of animals, and requesting information that would lead to the discovery of such an article, if already manufactured, or looking to arousing a sentiment that would result in its production if not already on the market. It brought forth considerable comment, and numerous letters, and right recently we had another letter from Mr. Clowe urging the continued agitation of the question, and in response to that request and the demands of our readers in general who are specially interested along this line of investigation, we give these further findings on the subject.

¶ One of the most interesting comments, and one productive of the best results, because coming directly to the attention of the men who are supplying the world with a casing for our "understandings," was from the pen of Geo. E. B. Putnam, associate editor of *The Boot and Shoe Recorder*, of Boston, one of the

most influential trade journals published. Mr. Putnam treated the matter in a semi-humorous vein, but back of his levity was much sincerity, and all interested must feel grateful for his extended comment, which would require entirely too much space to give it in full. We quote the most essential features, however. Mr. Putnam says: "I was shown a shoe the other day with a sole and heel of rubber, an insole of a combination of cotton and jute material, and an upper of a textile, which was so treated with a coating that made it, in looks at least, a very good imitation of kid or goat-skin leather. Moreover, I have seen a pair of shoes in which this material was used for the top, and which had stood the test of wear remarkably well." Mr. Putnam concludes his article in this issue of *The Recorder* with the following excellent argument in favor of a leatherless shoe, and with some good advice to manufacturers.

¶ "And it is quite possible that this subject may become of interest to others besides the strict vegetarian, who has conscientious scruples against wearing anything which requires the death of an animal to supply, for this reason. The present denunciation of the meat packing industry cannot help hurting that in-

dustry; and a vast number of people will either abstain entirely or eat less meat than has been their custom in the past. The consequence must be that with the lessened demand for meat will come a curtailment of the kill: and as hides are a by-product, it will have an immediate effect on the leather industry, thus tending to still further appreciate the market value of hides, with a consequent advance in the cost of leather, which would be immediately felt in the price of footwear made of leather. Under such circumstances, the manufacturer who can turn out a satisfactory shoe which does not contain leather will be likely to meet a public demand, if those shoes can be furnished at a lower price than the advanced cost of shoes made of real leather. Mind, I say a satisfactory shoe. That is the main point; and I am not so sure but what it would pay some bright, smart inventors to spend a little time endeavoring to refute the old, time-worn and well-proven adage that 'there's nothing like leather.'"

✻

¶ In a still more extended review of the question in a subsequent issue of the journal referred to, called forth by a communication direct from Mr. Clowe and

another article in this magazine, Mr. Putnam further says: "The shoe I described was an experimental one, and the manufacturers of the leather substitutes are still experimenting. They have made shoes which have shown fairly satisfactory wear for the cost, and they don't cost as much — but which do not wear as well as leather. Until the manufacturers get this product so that it will be satisfactory to the consumer, they prefer to say very little about it, and such shoes as have been made or are being made of it are simply sample pairs." (Just tell them to send the Boss Evergreen a sample pair, Mr. Putnam, "green" preferred, and he'll soon tell whether they'll do — No. 8 or 8½, please.)

¶ Mr. Putnam also mentions the slippers which are furnished the guests of many of the leading hotels in New York (Olalla!) and other cities, the soles of which are pasteboard (not so very different in this particular from many shoes on the market, supposed to be leather!), cloth-lined and with a tan colored sole finish. The vamps are of tough crepe paper bound with strong tape.

¶ But this is not the important issue — the out-door article is the need of the hour, one that can withstand

the elements, giving comfort and protection to the feet. It is a matter of congratulation that we have some firms working at the problem, one of the most prominent of which is Frank W. Whitcher & Co., manufacturers of "Substitutes for leather," Boston. In a letter to this magazine they say:

¶ "Noting item in your magazine by Mr. Clarence Clowe, Tientsin, China, we enclose circular of some of the Substitutes for leather which we manufacture.

¶ "These are used usually for innersoles of shoes although we make something for tops of shoes which gives some service but not as good as we desire and we are experimenting upon those with the view of improving them.

¶ "We also make a fiber outer sole, for shoes, composed of woven cotton held together by rubber which wears nearly three times as long as leather and is very desirable in many places.

✻

¶ Shortly after the publication of our first item on the subject under discussion, we received the following letter from Frances L. Dusenberry, of Chicago; which may throw further light along the pathway of progressive people:

¶ I notice in your last issue an inquiry for vegetarian material for shoes. In England (London, I think) a substance is manufactured which is made up into shoes and various other articles. I think it is made of gutta percha and from paper. A gentlemen from India visited me not long ago, who had shoes made of this material. He said they were more comfortable than leather. To me they lookt like leather. A preacher from London visited here not long ago, who has his Bible and other books bound in a material called, I think, Paniscorium; also, his valise and hand-bag made of same material. This stuff looks to me like leather, is flexible, soft and pretty. The English are ahead of us in this fad — if it can be so called. I understand there are 50 vegetarian restaurants in Manchester, and one has been established for over 50 years."



¶ Referring again to the slipper proposition, we are in receipt of a clipping from a newspaper with a detailed account of the beginning and progress of the Kozy Slipper Co., manufacturers of an all felt slipper and the cord sole shoe designed for house wear. Both ideas were imported from England and have

proved very successful. In all the felt slippers and the cord sole shoes not a single piece of leather is used, and, consequently, this firm is not disturbed by the conditions and high prices of the leather market. If this Company will tell Evergreens where their products can be obtained I have not the least doubt they will use none other for such purposes as they are intended.



¶ Now if any other of our readers know of information that would lead to the production and use of a non-leather shoe, we would be most grateful for a word from them. There are many reasons why such a product would be preferable to leather, aside from the one mentioned by Mr. Clowe, from the humanitarian standpoint. The writer feels especially grateful to Mr. Putnam for his interest in the matter, and we yet hope he may persuade some of the manufacturers, with whom he is in close touch, to put forth even greater efforts to achieve the result desired.

LEWIS ELLSWORTH RADER

Love and Hate

Both Love and Hate were born I'm told,
Long years ago ere Time grew old,
 And Friendship was their mother;
'Twas on the very self-same day,
At least that's what the gossips say,
 That Hate came with his brother.

Now, Love was such a gentle child,
While Hate was rough, and rude and wild
 (The gossips called him vicious!),
Love thrived on sweets and honeyed words
His joy was blooms and singing birds —
 Yet Love was most capricious!

They say he'd lead two lovers thru
The realms of Bliss with much ado
 Till Poverty o'ertook them,
Then frowned upon the foolish things,
And flapped his dainty little wings,
 And ruthlessly forsook them.

But, always Hate was close at hand,
With all the means at his command
 To make Life sad and dreary.

(On bitter words it is Hate thrives,
And bitter words spoil many lives
While Love doth flee, aweary.)

And Love was such a stubborn thing!
When once the youngster took to wing
There was no use in calling;
'Twas rarely he would stop his flight,
Nor pause to think of wrong or right —
His conduct was appalling!

And hate would do most wicked things,
Or say the word that always stings,
That would be best unspoken;
He had no pity in his breast,
Nor would he give his victims rest,
But gloat o'er hearts he'd broken.

And yet doth Love and Hate abide
O'er all the world, both far and wide,
In hovel and in palace,
In sunny homes, or prisons dank,
They give, without regard to rank,
The pure, or poisoned chalice.

LAVERNE F. WHEELER

Allen — An Appreciative Advertiser



WE get numerous letters of appreciation from advertisers as well as readers but we think this one from that national character — "Allen, the Mail Man" — comes about as near the *superlative* as it is possible for language to express, hence we publish it as the Alpha and Omega on the subject of advertising in SOUNDVIEW, and if you appreciate the appreciation of others for your favorite magazine, we would urge you to read Allen's advertisement, then answer it, saying at the same time you saw it in SOUNDVIEW, sabe?

"You say if I wish my advertisement to appear in subsequent issues, you will insert it at a reduced rate. We will do better than this; we want you to insert the advertisement in just double the space, adding the copy we enclose you herewith to the bottom of the advertisement, or the latter half of it and bill us monthly for this ad. That is, provided you will leave it in exactly the same position and place it now is.

We had a little time last night, after midnight, to read over your "Soundview," and I am certainly delighted with it. I think it is just exactly the right thing for the present day and age. I want you to send me a copy

of each issue and continue this advertisement each month, and leave it standing exactly in the same position it now is at the top of the last inside cover page. *It suits me.* I wish to contract for this particular space to be continued by you as long as time lasts, or in other words, continue this advertisement forever, and ever after ever, and ever after that, and if there is any ever after ever after that, then continue it on, for *we will be there.*

Yours truly

GEO. R. ALLEN



The Man and the Dollar



H, Evergreen! the Long Green
Of small dimensions, to be seen.
Count one for greens undone,
The worth of which is more than mon.

I enclose it. What?

The bad for the good.

The bad to serve

Our form of wood.

The principle of dollar,

To real life untrue,

For the principle of truth,

That's in Soundview.

My teeth just chattered when I found myself so far into 1907 so derelict; but please excuse me, for I am said by many to be irresponsible for my acts, and I always give the many their way — so long as their way don't touch me.

Keep this dollar devil caged, or keep it moving toward the law of use. Allow not his satannic majesty, a banker, to get it into his possession, lest he make it more bedeviled, by attaching to it his sign, usury, by and thru which he and it become worse, mind what I say, worse than a common thief.

J. E. RULLISON



Mark's Musings



HOWDY! Am pleased to make your acquaintance.

The latest in photography — Soundview.
In time of peace prepare for *more* of it.

We should strive to be useful as well as gullible.

The ship of State is the biggest thing afloat.

Marriage is not a failure. It is a business.

The movement of homeseekers might be called an inland tide.

" A friend in need is a friend indeed " because he is

like a "needle in a haystack."

"Hew to the line — let the chips fall where they may" is mighty good advice but this is a new era.

One can't tell who is the greatest artist these days. There are too many arts.

New York may not see an early Spring but she is having an extended "Thaw."

Among the Presidential possibilities there will be the usual lot of probabilities.

Affections are all right but the children would rather have confections.

Northwestern real estate reminds one of the Pike's Peak Railway: It's going up.

Out of love and ambition grow high ideals; Also idols.

Society has two kinds of morality; the real and the superficial. And the greatest of these is the superficial.

"Talk is cheap" — sometimes. Many a courtship leads to the divorce mill.

Many people fast about six weeks with the hope of getting a high-priced Easter bonnet.

After all, it matters but little whether one gets run down by a street car or an automobile — It's almost sure death either way.

MARK MORRIS

Pitch Hot from the Boss Evergreen



WE have an institution in Washington known as the State College (it was formerly known as the State Agricultural College, until it became too aristocratic to longer pose as the college for "farmers") from which I sometimes receive "bulletins," and I find considerable of interest in some of them. A late one contained this surprizing statement: "Prof. S. B. Nelson, veterinary of the State College Experiment Station, has just prepared a paper on Municipal Meat Inspection, in which he affirms that much of the meat consumed by the public is tainted with tuberculosis." Which statement causes me to congratulate myself on being a non-meat consumer, tho it also arouses an additional concern for my cannibalistic fellow human beings.

¶ Prof. Nelson further avers that, owing to the absence of proper meat inspection in the rural communities, our folks of the simple country life are acting in the capacity of scavengers for the cattle so afflicted in that, being rejected by the government inspectors in the larger centers, they are quietly past along to the next

(country) neighbor!

¶ Perhaps the Professor is right, but I rather guess a government inspector is not proof against tainted meat, if we can believe the reports of the special commissioners sent by President Roosevelt to the Chicago stock yards. Seems to me I have noticed some such word as "graft" occasionally in my perusal of the daily papers! Nor have I observed that there is any government inspection of the inspectors who may be suffering with this disease!

¶ After all, isn't it about the only safe plan to let meat severely alone? Don't need government "conspirators" to inspect carrots and cabbages and corn! These are pretty good eating for those who haven't too big a tape worm! Please pass the punkin pie!

✻

¶ I also ran across another interesting piece of information in one of these "bully tins." I quote from it:

¶ "The State College cadets are now armed with Krag-Jorgensens. Three hundred and fifty of these modern implements of war have just arrived, and thereby an epoch is marked in the evolution of military affairs at the Washington State College. The arms were received as good as new from the Benecia

arsenal, at San Francisco, and, while they have been in the service of the regular army, the guns have been re-browned and re-blued, till to all appearances they are spick-and-span new. With the new arms have come new belts, such as are worn with the Springfield gun."

¶ We are also told with much satisfaction that there has been an increase of one hundred cadets within three years!

¶ Now some well meaning people become very much incensed at this military strut in our State institutions, and use some vigorous language in protest, but I am fully persuaded they are out of date, that's all. This is distinctly a military age, as it is a commercial one. They go hand in hand, the one being necessary to bolster up and protect the other. In proportion as a country becomes civilized it must employ a lot of barbarians, constituting a "standing army," to maintain its position in civilized society, and impress its greatness upon other countries. In fact so necessary has this aggregation of idlers (soldiers) become that we measure the greatness of a country, not by its wise men — philosophers, poets, scientists, mechanics, inventors — but by the number of men it

supports in idleness and trains to kill, and by the size of its navy. So long as that is the ideal of a people, why shouldn't they consider the military training as the most essential work of our colleges? And why shouldn't these institutions be pardoned for boasting of the number of boys they are arming with "Krag-Jorgensens."

¶ To be sure there are a select few who believe there is a higher purpose and a more desirable training than that of a butcher of men, but they are in a decided minority as yet, and may be for some few centuries still. I say let those who want such things have them, but let them keep hands off those who are not thus minded. Individual freedom is the thing to be desired. Of course I should prefer not to see such worship of the destroyers of life, but so long as they do not press a gun into the hands of my boy and compel him to become a maimer and murderer of his kind, or force any other person against his will to take up arms, I can look upon such antics as the necessary elements in the final overthrow of force, and rejoice.

¶ Oh, they don't know any better — the killing habit is in the blood — in order to *enjoy* life we must *destroy*

life! In order to prove our patriotism we must prepare to kill the patriots of other countries!

¶ How noble and pretty and manly the college cadet looks in his new soldier's suit carrying his Jag-Krorgensen! How the silly girls gaze, and smile encouragement to our young hero *in embryo*!

¶ Oh, Yes, love and hate work together to make war a business, and a hellish business it is, too. But — wait.

¶ More than three hundred years ago a man by the name of Shakespeare was much offended at the disparity between the spelling and pronunciation of words in the English language. He was not a member of a committee of revision of spelling, but from the utterance he places in the mouth of one of his characters in "Love's Labor Lost," we can easily judge that he would have appreciated such an office. While, as will be seen, he deprecated the tendency to disregard the letters in pronouncing which we have designated *silent*, and insisted on the full sound of all letters, it is really a hit at the same inconsistency. In the elimination of all unnecessary letters and combinations of letters we are getting at the incongruity in a more practical manner than the Shakespearean recom-

mendation that, because the letters are there, they should be as absurdly pronounced as spelled.

¶ But even Bill's plan was far superior to the method of continuing an abomination thruout all time on the plea of "purity" as advocated by numerous literary lights. Suppose we were still using the English of Chaucer and Edmund Spencer—would these same purists have insisted on continuing it?

¶ "And faire, and riche, and yonge and well begon!"

¶ "Faire eyes, sweete lips, deare heart," etc.

¶ But enuf, here is the way William puts it:

¶ He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical Phantasimes, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt,—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbor vocatur nebour; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abhominable—which he would call abbominable: it insinuateth me of insanie; anne intelligis, dominie? to make frantic, lunatic.

¶ And the Page says: "They have been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps."



¶ Speaking of "reform" Spelling, here's a "peach,"

have a bite. This letter also shows that "Soundview" is not popular with *all* classes—some there be who can not understand; and it likewise unmistakably designates the caliber of those unable to comprehend its teachings, and by antithesis places Evergreens of the Royal Brand on a high mental plane, which is exactly correct as to "facts and figures." Had this unfortunate ignoramus manifested as strong a desire to feed his smoldering mental fire as he did readiness to feed his physical fire with our little purveyor of foolosofy, he might have been able to write better, even if his sister-in-law is "9 months dead."

¶ But here's the letter just as written:

¶ Dear Sir: Yesterday I received a Bill for your Magazin in my Name, this Paper I have never lookt at, whenever it came, it went in the Stove, my Sister in law received it in San Deigo against her Will, and she is 9 months dead, I wish you would never have send it, we dont pay it, becauce we never orderd the Paper, yours truly E. Goss (which "translated" might mean "Evergreen Goose").

In the Library



THE magazine world is being greatly enriched of late. There is not only a marked improvement in those already in the field, but the advent of new ones adds a peculiar luster and brilliancy to current literature.

A distinct star in the great play of the magazines is "The Circle," a sister to the "Literary Digest," of Funk & Wagnalls family, and a lusty youngster it is, too, and well worthy of its older brother, which has taken an easy lead among magazines for many years. "The Circle" is typographically superior, artistically superlative and editorially transcendent. It is truly a "department magazine" having something of interest for all people, and it is only \$1.50 per year. It is distinct, original and complete. The April number has a circle of a dozen child faces on the cover that alone is worth the price.

The finest distinctly literary magazine yet published is "Putnam's Monthly," a re-habilitation of the old Putnam's of the fifties published by the well known firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons. It is to be hoped that it will rapidly come to its own, and enjoy the success it so richly deserves by reason of its high standard of literary excellence.

F. X. WALDRON F. M. COLBY J. M. SNOOK

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Toasted Corn Flakes

DELICATE : CRISP : DELICIOUS : APPETIZING

¶ Served and sold at

VEGETARIAN CAFE

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MOOCHA SABA says: "I'd rather go to church than to go to hell, but I don't have to go to either place." "An honest man's the noblest work of God, but the Lord is too busy to make many of them." "The idea of eternal punishment; it's a hell of an idea."

But who is Moocha Saba? He is one of the satellites of the Chief of the Ghourki, and you will find his sayings each month in that peculiar magazine, THE GHOURKI. It will be sent to any Evergreen a whole year for twenty-five cents. Published 12 times a year. The Tribe is made up of folks who think for themselves. Address, The CHIEF of the TRIBE of the GHOURKI, Morgantown, West Virginia.

When you send twenty-five cents for a year's subscription a certificate of membership in the Tribe is sent you.

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Call and See Him

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Say you saw it in SOUNDVIEW — sabe?

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Clerical Sportsmen, J. Howard Moore.....	.05
Vegetarianism from Principle... ..	.25
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Send us twenty-five cents for a trial trip of three months,
and we will give you the best quarter's worth you ever read,
for personal application to the daily life.

We are doing some thoughts into printed pages that you
want to see — expressing some clear thoughts in the unclear
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itualized vibrations and impulses from a murky-laden com-
mercialized center, into God's beautiful country where men
and women may breathe and live, if they will.

Yours in the hope,

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To anyone, mentioning this advertisement and sending One Dollar (Foreign \$1.50) before the end of this month, we will credit them with being paid up in full on the magazine for the succeeding fifteen months.

Or, should you prefer, we will send three back numbers and will credit you with a year in advance. As there are but a few of these back numbers on hand it will be necessary to get your order in early.

We are making a special offer of THE STELLAR RAY and our Pocket Dictionary of Astrological Terms (regular price fifty cents) for \$1.25 (Foreign \$1.75). This is a splendid little 96-page book, brimful of information.

Write us for offers in combination with any of the contemporary magazines.

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LORENZ BROS., Owners.

Say you saw it in SOUNDVIEW — sabe?

THE BOSS

We
intend-
ed to see

EVERGREEN

our Evergreen
friends of the SOUNDVIEW,
who live at Olalla, Wash.

We wrote them we were com-
ing, but they were away, attending
the exposition in Portland. And any-

way we had not time. Olalla is farther out
in the woods than we expected, and no way
of getting there except by boat, from Seattle.

We have heard great stories about our SOUND-
VIEW friends, and also about their neighbors,
the people at Home, Wash., and we wanted to
meet them all and get a taste of real frontier so-
cialism and boiled cabbage and things. They say
those folks are all so tame and gentle and consid-
erate that the wild birds don't mind building nests
in their hair, and the only thing that ruffles their
peace is the sight of a marriage license or a man-a-
gunning. To read a copy of SOUNDVIEW you would-
n't guess they are so tame! We wanted to see. ¶ We
couldn't go to the Evergreens, so one of 'em came to
us! We had a delightful call from the Boss Evergreen
himself, Lewis Rader. He is a great big handsome fair-
haired western giant with a face that certainly looks gen-
tle. But he isn't as tame as they said! He is an ever-
green; a sort of cross between a tall pine tree, a cowboy,
a scholar and a two-year-old who has never been spankt.
He talks like a book and intimates unutterable things,
like the aforementioned tall pine. I don't believe
he ever "bost" "Em" a bit! — he'd lead
her out and show her where the new
bird's nest is, and she'd forget
they were not both all-

Elizabeth Towne

two-years-olds.
I think friend
Rader will

in "Nautilus"

bear acquaintance, and NEXT time I'm going to see him
and "Em" in their lair. So there! — if they'll stay at home.

HOTEL POTTER

HAMILTON & HARDIN, Proprietors

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R. T. JAMES

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